

Wimbledon Duff is a pudding made of canned blackcurrants, clotted cream and moldy brown bread. I buy every can of blackcurrants in Sutton two days before Wimbledon, likewise with the clotted cream, but obtain the bread a month before so it can get really fuzzy lying on the table all that time.

The first morning of Wimbledon I start turning out bowl after bowl of the Duff, pausing only to go "ooh" and "aah" at the great shots of the players, and "yum yum mmmh" at the Duff.

Needless to say the flavor of the Duff improves during the course of the championships, as does the tennis, because the poor players are eliminated, as are the unfungified parts of the bread. Also there is less and less tennis and pudding, which makes both seem more valuable.

Another thing that makes the Duff more Wimbledon is that just as the grass on Centre Court gets worn out and turns yellow, so the mold turns white and by Finals Day is as penicillin-rich as the tangiest of low crosscourt sliced backhands, which keeps me healthy till next year.

#### CONPERSON

I told him he was a bum with a fraud-ridden business that would fail and leave us all penniless. That he stole from department stores and my pockets. And that he'd hidden one of my records and several of my pens. At this point I was so hot I took off my sweater to reveal his best shirt -- the one I'd stolen while he was asleep a week ago.

#### TENNIS CLUB

Some weeknights I drop by the tennis club, even though they are all a bunch of shopkeepers with fingers in crooked pies. And they're all divorced, looking for an attractive widow like me with a house on Fulton Road and a VW.

Harold wants me to play pitch and putt, Ronald wants to play mixed doubles, and Paul has offered to get me free Fred Perry tennis underwear. But I say let them show me their house on Fulton Road and their VW, plus a good supply of gin, so I can bank mine and draw interest.